

Good 372 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Sunday at Home Torp. John Richardson

A BLACK spaniel, which we learned afterwards was Pat, gave us a rousing welcome when we visited your home in East View, High Heworth, Gateshead-in-Tyne, Torp. John Richardson. She was waiting at the door to go for her Sunday walk with your father. Apparently she knows the day and time each week.

Mum was mixing the stuff to make a Yorkshire pudding, and your sister, Eleanor, was busy making herself a hat. A pot was steaming on the hearth, and the smell of the Sunday joint was . . . perfect. Foster had been out since daybreak, cycling, and Sylvia was in bed, having an extra forty winks, which we understand is just what you do on a Sunday at home.

We bet that gives you a good breath of what it's like at home on Sunday morning, John.

Dad said he's watching out for a watch for you. It seems you are always in need of them, judging by the number you have had in recent years.

They all hope you will be hitting a home port before long and joining them in a celebration.

Here's Mum and Eleanor sending their love, and wishing you lots of good luck. Note how Pat scrounged into the picture. Good Hunting, John!



1,000,000 Miles

SINCE the 1st of September, 1940, British Volunteer Ambulance Corps drivers have carried over 100,000 sick and wounded Service personnel, and travelled over 1,000,000 miles.

The Anglo-French Ambulance Corps, now the British Volunteer Ambulance Corps, was founded in October, 1939, to provide ambulances for the French Army. The public immediately subscribed generously.

In April, 1940, a section of women drivers went to France. The drivers were enrolled as poilus in the Nineteenth Section on Train. This section subsequently became Auxiliary Ambulance Unit No. 5/101-19 of the French Army, under the command of Lieut.



Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

Metieu, and was attached to Royallieu Hospital, on the outskirts of Compiegne

Under the command of Mrs. D. M. Bentley, well known as the first airwoman to fly across Africa, this section saw active service behind the Maginot Line as well as at Compiegne. While there, the section had its headquarters at No. 7 Hôpital d'Evacuation.

During the general retreat the section successfully carried on under constant bombardment and machine-gun fire. It was twice recommended for

This was the Boxing Beckett

By W. H. Millier



After Joe Beckett had so decisively beaten Frank Goddard by knocking him out in two rounds, many people began to think that we had at last found a real heavy-weight champion—one who might restore British boxing prestige in the heavy-weight line.

Beckett was written up as a great possibility, and was then matched with Eddie McGoorty, an American light-heavy-weight, who had first come to visit us in 1909.

McGOORTY was one of the best American fighters who failed to get a world title. His trouble was that he was in between weights. He was too heavy to be at his best when weighing-in at the middle-weight limit, and as there were few notable light-heavyweights at this period, he had to fight heavyweights.

It speaks volumes for his ability that he lost very few contests in a long career. He started out as an amateur when he was only 15, and at this age he won the Wisconsin State amateur light-weight championship by defeating three opponents in one evening.

At 16 he was a professional, and in a few seasons had hit up a long list of knock-out victories.

When he decided to try his fortunes in European rings, he did not come direct to London, but landed in Ireland, the home of his parents.

In Dublin, McGoorty made a host of friends—he was modest and had a pleasing personality—and it was not long before he was matched to fight Petty Officer Curran, of Plymouth, who was born in County Clare.

Curran could fight and he had a hefty punch. As McGoorty was conceding more than two and a half stone to his tough opponent, it was a fine performance on his part to win after twenty hard rounds.

IN DUBLIN'S FAIR CITY.

He had two more contests in Dublin before appearing in Belfast. In his second contest he met with his first defeat. He lost the decision to Tom Lancaster, of Newcastle, who was one of our leading middle-weights and a really first-class boxer.

McGoorty, however, revealed his true form when he reversed the decision against him by beating Lancaster in the return contest in Dublin a few months later.

Shortly afterwards McGoorty returned to the United States, and greatly enhanced his reputation by a large number of victories over first-class performers. He tried in vain to get a match for the world's middle-weight title, and remained in America until the end of 1913, when he went to Australia.

It was here that he reached his peak. He opened out by knocking out the Australian champion, Dave Smith, in the first round on New Year's Day, 1914, at Sydney, and went on to hit up a fine list of victories, becoming very popular with Australian fight followers.

When the war of 1914-18 put an end to big boxing for the time being, McGoorty was in the British Isles with his fellow-countrymen. He was still in the championship class, although he did not actually hold a title.

It was thought by many good judges that McGoorty would prove too good for Beckett, whose experience was not to be compared with the American's. But that two-round victory over Goddard had sent Beckett's stock high, and the match was considered to be a highly desirable one.

C. B. Cochran promoted the contest at Olympia, and shortly before the fight was due he had a bit of a scare in thinking the attraction would be ruined by the idea spreading that McGoorty was not properly trained for the fight.

It was whilst the American was in training that a party of Doughboys, many of them old

country the world's heavyweight title. That he possessed the ability was proved in this contest under review, but we have since realised that he had not the right temperament to break down the circumstances that militated against his success.

At all events, although he was not exactly popular, the fact that he had shown such fine form in defeating McGoorty at once placed him right at the top as the number one drawing card for the leading promoter, who at that time was that great showman, C. B. Cochran.

There had been plenty of discussion concerning a likely opponent for Carpenter, as the French champion had been lively in stirring up interest in himself by giving interviews here, there and everywhere, with a view to getting back into the limelight.

Thus Mr. Cochran saw a real, ready-made money-maker in a match between Carpenter and Beckett.

It had been assumed that Carpenter had finished with the ring when the 1914 war came, as he had by that time made quite enough money to enable him to retire, but as soon as he realised what a mint of money was being thrown around in London he made all preparations to grab some of the loot.

Besides, he had invested the major portion of his ring earnings in the coal mines at Lens, and these had been destroyed, or at least put out of action for a long time.

AND SMITH WAS GO-GETTER.

He did not then know that he would receive compensation in full, and he liked to think that he would have enough money to keep him in comfort.

As a start towards getting back into the big money, Carpenter fought one of our veterans, Dick Smith, in Paris, and had a near squeak in the process.

Smith outboxed his man and floored him for a long count, but the timekeeper did not shout "Out," and Carpenter survived to knock his man out in the eighth round.

When Mr. Cochran, shortly after Beckett's victory over McGoorty, announced that he had matched Beckett with Carpenter, there was an immediate rush for tickets.

Fight enthusiasts had not forgotten how Bombardier Wells had fallen such an easy victim to Carpenter of the contemptuous smile, and they felt that in Beckett we had the man capable of removing that smile.

The seating capacity of Olympia was between eleven and twelve thousand people, and it was soon apparent that this would not be half big enough to hold all the spectators who would wish to attend.

Just as Cochran was feeling that he was really in clover, Carpenter informed him that he would not be ready to fight on the date fixed and another date would have to be made. The Frenchman played this trick several times in his career and was allowed to get away with it. This time the promoter regarded it as a disaster.

If Olympia could not be used on the date originally fixed it was not available for many months afterwards. There was no other hall of comparable size, and it was a problem that might have floored many promoters, but it did not floor Cochran, as we shall see.

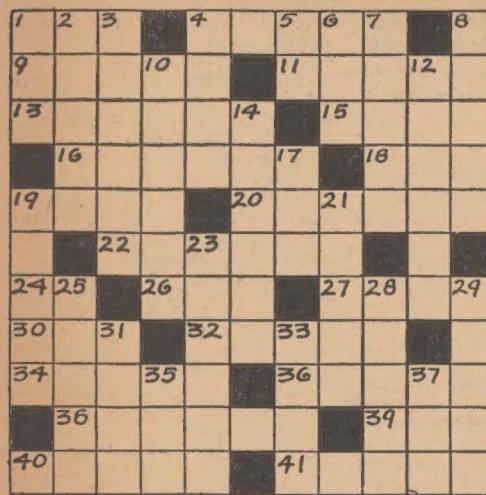
Your priests, whate'er their gentle shamming,
Have always had a taste for damning.

Tom Moore.

Peter Vincent

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



BAFFLE FELT
U RAILWAY O
STINGY DOES
HAG H LETTS
EPISTLES H
LED LEON DIM
R ARTIFICE
HEADS E VAN
IDLE ANGELA
L SPLICES G
TROT METTLE

CLUES DOWN.

1 Record book, 2 By surprise, 3 Sea-bird, 4 Lengths, 5 Supported by, 6 Exercise room, 7 Paltry, 8 Demonstrated, 10 Formed, 12 Glorify, 14 Respect, 17 Transgress, 19 Employees, 21 Dislike, 23 Shining, 25 Jibs, 28 Slow pace, 29 Lees, 31 Curve in pipe, 33 Pulp, 35 Observe, 37 Light sharp sound.

QUIZ
for today

- Rappee is raw silk, kind of rum, snuff, Scotch plaid, Indian corn?
- Who wrote (a) The Island, (b) The Islanders?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Wherry, Coble, Carrack, Scow, Currie, Randal, Coracle.
- Who is the patron saint of travellers?
- At what game was Harry Vardon once champion?
- What fish can be obtained on draught or in bottle?
- Which of the following are mis-spelt? Durable, Deodarise, Druggist, Dramatist, Dacoity, Discrepancy, Dittany.
- What are the dimensions of a hockey field?
- How old is Charlie Chaplin?
- For what was Datus famous?
- After what English King is a breed of dogs named?
- How many meanings can you think of for the word "bar"?

Answers to Quiz
in No. 371

- Fish.
- (a) Charlotte Brontë, (b) Oliver Wendell Holmes.
- Collar-bone.
- Southampton is not a city; others are.
- J. M. W. Turner.
- 9,000 feet.
- Trivial, Trivet.
- From its French name, "limande." (Nothing to do with lemons.)
- Purple and green.
- A Chinese secret society.
- They are not black, but brown, and they are not beetles, but relatives of the locusts.
- Dzhugashvili.

JANE



To-day's Brains Trust

AN Architect, a Geologist, a Provincial Lord Mayor, and—to represent the housewives—Mrs. Everywoman, discuss the question:—

What are the Brains Trust's anticipations for the great cities of the world in 5,000 years' time? What will they be like?

Architect: "They will, of course, be properly planned, and not allowed to grow indiscriminately at the will of private landowners and builders. Many tentative plans have already been worked out, and most of them include the provision of 'green belts,' which are belts of park-land preventing too large an area of built-up space in one place.

"I am not sure about blocks of flats, though I fancy there will be blocks, each standing in its own spacious garden, but also there will be terraced houses."

Lord Mayor: "In five thousand years' time there may

very well be some sort of control over population. Cities will probably not be as large as some of our present industrial towns, and I think increase in our knowledge of science will probably have abolished the so-called working-class and manufacturing quarters.

"Manufactures will be largely done by noiseless, dirtless machinery, and this will be housed in centres away from the towns where people live and shop and indulge in social activities.

"Easy transport will tend to replace our large townships by numbers of smaller ones, with large stretches of unspoilt countryside in between."

Geologist: "If I may take an even bolder view, I think it is possible that our manufactures may be done underground.

"I visualise pretty towns of the country type on the slopes of our hills, and the factories, power stations, gasworks (if there are any) and refuse destructor hidden away within the hills themselves.

"I do not see any necessity for having such eyesores on the surface at all."

Mrs. Everywoman: "I certainly hope that what you say is true, and I also hope that

the private house will once more replace the block of flats. The houses will, I imagine, be of simple design, and will be run with the aid of real labour-saving devices.

"They may be without chimneys, for coal fires will possibly be things of the past. Some sort of central heating may be supplied on tap from a municipal works, just as our cold water is supplied to-day."

Geologist: "Yes, the world's coal stocks will probably be exhausted long before 5,000 years have gone by, and it is extremely unlikely that the world of that time will boast any chimneys at all.

"The building materials will almost certainly be synthetic products like glass.

"I mentioned that the factories may be hidden away underground. In the country, however, there will be hydro-electric plants supplying power to the factories, and in the centre of each town there will probably be an aerodrome."

Lord Mayor: "The alternative to going underground is, of course, to go upwards."

"H. G. Wells once suggested that the cities of the future would be glassed over, every street an arcade, in which the citizens went to and fro protected entirely from the weather. Somewhere on the glass roof of each city there would be an aerodrome.

"The city beneath would be constantly lighted by artificial sunlight, and only the curious would ever trouble to come out into the open country to enjoy the real thing. But I think that is a pessimistic view to take of the future."

Architect: "Yet something of the sort has already been proposed for London! The first plan was to roof over the entire area of King's Cross and St. Pancras, including the stations and adjoining streets, and to build an airport on top. This was followed by another to roof over the Thames and have the airport there. I sincerely hope nothing of the sort is ever done."

WANGLING WORDS—318

- Put a symbol in DEER and get an artist.
- In the following, first two lines of a famous poem, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What are they? Lispra hatt eb heter ho ot dangeln ni won.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change BEER into WOOD, and then back again into BEER, without using the same word twice.
- Find the hidden fasteners in: Hundredweights are all right, but tons are too heavy.

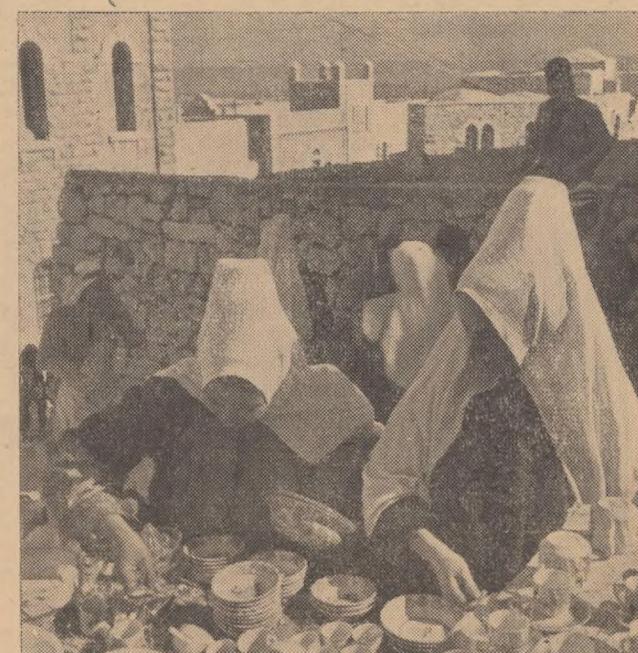
Answers to Wangling
Words—No. 317

- Power.
- Land of Hope and Glory.
- HENS, pens, peas, peat, meat, moat, coat, coot, COOP, loop, loot, lost, lest, lent, lens, HENS.
- Te-ache-r.

Porky, who has wandered away from his mistress's home at Stone Lodge, Ipswich, on more than one occasion, and so into the news columns.

Porky lives amicably with a dozen dogs, takes walks with Lady Allwyn, his owner, and even swims in the sea at Felixstowe, a most unusual thing for a badger. He eats anything from buns to blanc-mange, and as to drink—well, you see him in the picture taking his glass of champagne . . . and does he like it!

J. S. NEWCOMBE.

ROUND THE WORLD
with our
Roving Cameraman

IN BETHLEHEM MARKET.

They say that some of the women of modern Bethlehem are descended from the Crusaders, and are proud of it. They say that the nicest cups and saucers are to be found in Bethlehem market where these women lay out their wares. They say that you don't need to pay the first price asked for the tea services. They say quite a lot about Bethlehem. And here is the cup-and-saucer market, still historical, though modern.

USELESS EUSTACE



"A salute is all that is required, private! In future, kindly omit the 'Wotcher, mate!'"

J. S. Newcombe's
Short odd—But true

Nature has coloured the rose-beetle green on the back and red underneath, a camouflage so clever that it is difficult to spot the beetle as it feeds on the juice of the flower.

Many celebrated people became Quietists, followers of a doctrine expounded by a Spaniard, Miguel Molinos, in the 17th century, which cleared away all rites and ceremonies and clung to the belief that the mercies of God and the merits of Christ were sufficient for a man's religious needs.

The offspring of a white and a half-breed or mulatto is called a quadroon, signifying that the child is three parts white and one-fourth black.

Large pear-shaped flints, known as potstones, which are occasionally unearthed from chalk formations, are said to be the fossils of sponges.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE.

ONE of the most pleasing features about life in war-time—and one that has been commented on by historians during not only the present conflict, but also during other wars—is the removal of existing barriers between classes and interests that have, at times, seemed completely opposed.

In a word, the lion is seen lying down with the lamb.

It is not unnatural, perhaps, that the lamb does look out of the corner of his eye occasionally, especially when the lion yawns; but it would be unsporting to insist on the fact that these barriers have a way of growing up again when the emergency is past.

There was, however, no sign of anything but the utmost harmony when I dropped in at London's latest gay spot, the Marche Noir, the other evening. One big table, in particular exemplified most happily the broadening of the basis of society that I have mentioned.

In the very cheerful crowd I noticed Lord FitzHugh St. Clair St. George FitzGeorge, president of the Financiers' Federation; Sir Cuthbert Cul de Sac, chairman of the Capitalists' Combine; "Bob" Thrippence, general secretary of the Working Wanglers' Union; and Harry Gobbin, president-elect of the Tinkering Trades and Shilly-Shallying Co-operative.

There must have been a dozen people at the table, but the only others I recognised were Canon Finooker, whose miniature greyhound track in the grounds of his church has attracted such immense congregations to St. Noodles; Lady Lucy Lowys, better known, perhaps, as the Pet of the Pioneers; and Miss "Goldie" Lox, the eminent woman economist and advocate of adult continuation classes in co-education.

Just as I was coming away the party was joined by Freddie Fauntleroy, whose recent appointment as Minister of This and That was so delicately explained by the Public Relations Officer of that Ministry.

Poor "Freddie" has not had the best of luck in his ministerial jobs, and there was considerable doubt in official circles as to what post he could next fill with the least harm to the country. The ideal solution was found by creating a new Ministry especially for him.

I did notice that "Bob" Thrippence and Harry Gobbin were both smoking whacking great cigars and drinking bubbly, whilst the peer and the baronet were smoking gapers and drinking pints of ale.

I reflected that it was probable that only in a democracy like ours could such things happen. I came away with my faith in human nature strengthened.

PASSING THROUGH.

ON their way through London to entertain the troops in the Pelagonian Archipelago, those popular artistes, Lily Marlene and Rosie O'Grady stopped off for a couple of hours to meet the Press. I dropped in for a few minutes to the cocktail party arranged in their honour.

I had not seen Rosie since the Relief of Mafeking—indeed, she has been in almost complete retirement since the Boer War. (It will be remembered that she was married and divorced three times during that long-drawn-out struggle.) But she has come up again to do her bit.

She does, of course, look every year of her age, and her voice is almost completely gone.

But flashes of the old spirit come to the surface every now and then, though it is pathetic to see the effort it takes. I am afraid that the proposed tour will take a toll of her long-crumbly health.

But how perfectly splendid of the old bag to get patched up sufficiently even to start the trip!

Lily Marlene, of course, has only been in the public eye of recent months. The troops in Italy fell for her in a big way. She was looking, I thought, a bit jaded, as if she had been pulled through most of the hedges and rolled in most of the ditches between Foggia and Boggia.

And she is a bit on the thin side, though "scrappy" would be too strong a word.

Lily had her pet dog with her. I do not think it is generally known that it was owing to her dog that she became known as the Lady of the Lamplight.

When taking her evening breather, accompanied by this animal, she had, naturally, to stop at most lamp-posts.

It was her astute Press Agent who saw her in the lamplight and immediately seized the opportunity to glamourise her there. You may, if you look carefully at the most famous picture of her, see at the base a shadowy blob.

That was where the dog was cut out.

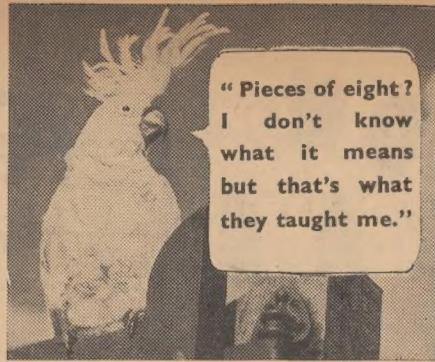
Alex Cracks

"Pardon me, but are you the newspaper reporter?" said the hostess to a pal at a local do.

"No, lady," replied the bad lad. "It's just that my laundry hasn't come back. I'm out of razor blades, and a bus has run over my hat."

Good Morning

Warner star, Joan Leslie gives a Mona Lisa smile in between shots.



Pulling across the page : To my left, gents, are the Nippies in scanties ; to my right, the S. Ry's "Anchor" — in 2-way panties.



"But, it's simple, my dear man ; even a gunner should know that the coefficients are invariable on infinite numbers."

This England

When the clouds clear and the rain ceases. A typical scene in the Suffolk village of Lavenham.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"But ask him to count his fingers and toes."

